



Reluctant Press presents:

IF

Cheryl Lynn



ILLUSTRATIONS BY MISTY MALVEAUX

A 'SPECTRUM TV' E-BOOK

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Reluctant Press TG Publishers

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IF

By Cheryl Lynn

It was a Friday night in late October 1972 and bitter cold outside. I was having a Jack Daniels and coke feeling an itch that kept getting stronger and stronger as time went by. Finishing my third drink the itch could not be ignored any longer. I went into my bedroom and pulled out my box of secrets.

My box of secrets was nothing more than an old box that looked nondescript, held all the feminine clothing and paraphernalia that I had collected over the past couple of years. I kept it stashed next to other boxes filled with stuff that I had no place to put in my small one bedroom apartment.

I figured no one would give it a second glance. At least my parents hadn't found it yet and they were snoops. My mom was the worst at trying to dig into my stuff usually with the excuse that this or that needed cleaning. I was always afraid during their visits that they would discover my secret stash. If I had to leave either one of them alone in the apartment I sweated every second that I was away.

This night I quickly divested myself of all my clothing and began dressing. A pair of pale yellow nylon brief styled panties with colorful displays of giraffes printed in various positions and pastel colors. A red lace trimmed black bra which was a great find at the Goodwill box.

Yes I said it, the Goodwill box. You have to remember that there was no Internet back then and a young man certainly did not go into the lingerie department and purchased such items. That only left theft from the Goodwill boxes and the laundromat as places to get feminine finery. I admit that stealing as I did still bothers me and I am ashamed of myself for doing so.

Most of my panties were stolen from a laundromat along with many other items such as a Sleeping Beauty styled nylon nightgown. It had a square necked black top with floral embroidery and a flowing bright yellow ankle length skirt. Next I pulled a white floral lace patterned garter belt around my waist and threaded the garters through my panties. I attached a pair of black hose to the garters then pulled the nightgown down over my head. My jeans and long-sleeved blue cowboy shirt quickly covered all this. If you are wondering why I put on that nightgown I couldn't tell you then or now. Pulling on my boots I was ready to go but first I needed another drink to build my courage.

Wearing feminine clothing changed me. Normally I wouldn't even think about other guys but dressed I felt so feminine that other guys caught my attention. I had never had a homosexual encounter before nor was homosexual encounters in my normal thought patterns. I guess the combination of the clothing and a few stiff drinks loosened up my inhibitions. I'll admit that I did wonder what it would be like to kiss another guy but that is as far as my imagination could go.

Maybe deep down I was a little bit homosexual but I don't think so. I really chased the ladies and thoroughly enjoyed their attributes. The only disappointment I had with my dates is that they never met my expectations in what they wore underneath their clothing. I wanted to see and touch sexy underwear. Usually they wore just plain white nylon or pastel panties and a plain white cotton bra with little or no frills.

I hadn't had a date in a while. I guess this night I was just a bit horny and I hadn't worn any of my stash in a very long time. It was not my intention to go out and get some guy. Just the opposite was true. I was scared of such an encounter. No I wasn't scared. I was petrified by such an idea.

What would he say or worse what would he do if he discovered what I was wearing underneath my regular clothing. During this time just being considered a homosexual got the tar or worse beat out of you. I knew some guys at college that when they were short of money would go out looking to role a queer. I just had to get out of the apartment that's all this night was supposed to be... an escapist dream.

The ride downtown to the porn theater did not take long. My emotions were in a fearful turmoil as they raced through the gamut of outright fear to erotic pleasure. Fear at getting into an accident and having to go to the hospital and being reviled in public as a queer or a pervert. This fear was off set by the erotic feelings caused by the soft nylon caressing my skin and the alcohol.

As I pulled into a parking space just down the street from the theater I almost chickened out. The only thing keeping me from just going back home was the ride itself. I paid my five dollars and entered the theater and found a spot at the balcony railing. As I watched the show I was picturing in my mind what it would be like to be one of those women. Not so much from the sex view point but rather what it would be like to be able to dress like that and wear makeup all the time. I don't know how long I stood there watching the sluts giving blowjobs and getting their pussies reamed before I noticed someone standing beside me.

He was slightly taller than me with chiseled strong features, Hispanic and a little rough looking with his five o'clock shadow and thick brows. He turned my way and caught me looking at him.

"Nice tits on those broads," he said nodding towards the screen.

"Yeah," I acknowledged, "some nice asses too."

We were silent for a while then began talking about the girls in the movie some more. Just small talk but it made me nervous. I really needed a drink by now. I needed something to calm my nerves. This conversation was getting to close and personal. Not only was the conversation getting personal but his hip kept brushing up against mine. I didn't know if it was intentional or just accidental but it thrilled and scared me at the same time.

As I was half standing half leaning against the balcony's railing my fears of discovery began running through my mind. "Did the guy next to me guess that I was wearing a bra? No my jacket should be covering it. Could he see that I am wearing girl's clothing under this?"

My mind was getting away with itself. "Shit I have to settle down. There is no way this guy can tell anything. I am too covered up," I thought to ease my tension.

When the film finished and the lights came up he was standing facing me with a smile on his face. He was about five inches taller than me and built as solid as a rock. Not the shape of a body builder but one created from hard physical labor.

Me, I am five seven and on the slender skinny side but I had confidence in myself. If I tangled up with this guy I knew that I had no chance to win though. I was at a loss I didn't know what to do. My instinct said just run but to be polite I said I was going to get a beer.

His smile never wavered as he asked if I minded if he tagged along. So I sucked up my courage and asked him if he wanted to get a beer at the bar just across the street. Why I agreed I have absolutely no idea. I wasn't attracted to him but deep down I was feeling a little lonely and wanted a bit of company.

In this town there were a lot of bars but they only sell beer. You had to have a special license in order to sell the hard stuff. This bar was convenient and if things did not go right I could easily get away. That was my reasoning for asking him to accompany me I guess.

We had a few beers at the bar in a quite out of the way table. He told me his name was Jose and that he worked in construction. I told him mine and that I worked for the state. We talked much about nothing in particular except that we both did not care that much for beer.

Chugging the first several beers not only gave me a nice buzz but was making me more relaxed. I think that I sucked down that first beer even before the cap was completely off. After our fourth or sixth beer we started bitching about not being able to get a real drink. Finally I told him that I had had enough beer and was going home.

"I have a nice almost full bottle of Jack at the house. Well it was nice talking to you. Maybe I'll see you around," as soon as I said it I kicked myself for mentioning the bottle of Jack.

“Why don’t I come with you? I sure could use a Jack and coke. Mind if I tag along,” Jose asked smiling broadly?

Again I have no idea why I agreed. Maybe my head was totally screwed up from the booze and nylon.

Oooo

He followed me to the four-plex where I lived in his truck. It was a new white Chevy. Inside I took his coat and told him to wait while I went to the bathroom. There I quickly divested myself of my girlish attire and redressed. I hid the feminine clothing under the sink.

With my feminine clothing off I felt safer and at the same time no longer had that crazy itch. I decided as I left the bathroom that I would give Jose a drink then send him on his way. I no longer wanted him in my house or in my life. I would just tell him that I was tired and had a big day tomorrow.

Feeling better I quickly went out and made us a couple of drinks. Instead of turning on the television like I normally did I turned the stereo on which was tuned into a soft country western station. We sat on the couch just talking. I commented on his new truck and he told me his mother bought it for him. She owned a local Mexican restaurant but he wasn't interested in that business.

I don't know how it happened but the next thing I was aware of was his lips pressing against mine... my first man kiss. I was shocked and started to pull away but his hand behind my neck held me firm. Gradually I relaxed and let it happen. It was very different than kissing a girl... rougher and somehow much more wicked. His tongue slid into my mouth and I found myself sucking on it.

When we finally broke our kiss I jumped up. I was scared. I had never done anything like this before. To cover my fear of what just happened I picked up the two empty glasses and went to refresh our drinks.

“Shit,” I thought. “I just should have told him to go. Why did I tell him I was going to fix us another damn drink?”

I made mine a double. I was already drunk and this double would give me a really nice buzz. Hopefully it would drown my fear and I could tell him to go.

He followed me over to the counter that I was facing and pouring our drinks. I felt his hands go around my waist and begin to unbuckle my belt. I just stood there mixing the drinks as if nothing was happening and let him drop my pants. I didn’t know what else to do. I had never experienced anything like this in my entire life. I was too shocked by his actions to do anything. I could feel the denim of his jeans pressing against my backside and the bulge it contained.

His hands slid up my shirt and his fingers began pinching and pulling on my nipples. Then I felt his groin pressing harder into my bare ass and could feel his warm breath on my neck. I was very surprised to feel something like electric sparks jumping from my nipples directly into my brain.

As his hands pressed against the flesh of my man breasts he said in a quite whisper, "You know baby I thought you were wearing a bra when we were in the bar. I think I can still feel the imprint of it on your chest. You were wearing a bra now weren't you? I wonder what else you were wearing."

I stood frozen for what seemed like an eternity then slowly turned to face him handing him his drink as I did so. I was trapped between him and the counter. His jeans covered groin was pressing into my bared neither region. Now what was I going to do? I took a big swallow of my drink. Oh it burned so good going down and eased the fluttering in my stomach. My dick became erect as it pressed against the rough material of his jeans. I couldn't help or stop it.

He put his drink on the counter top as he leaned in to kiss me. As he kissed me he slid his hands up the seam of my cowboy shirt and with a quick pull popped it open. After the quick kiss he looked at my chest and sure enough you could see the red marks left by the under wires and straps of the tight bra.

Standing there with my jeans around my ankles with no underwear and my shirt open what was I suppose to do. I started to tell him that I didn't know what he was talking about but before I could finish he slapped my face. Not hard but hard enough to get my attention.

"Now don't start lying to me baby. You going to do what Jose want you to do now don't you," he said as he grabbed my balls. "I bet these would look really good in a pair of panties. You go get your girlie clothes and make yourself pretty for me. You don't want to make me mad do you? I want to see what you will look like all prettied up. Take your drink but you no take too long okay?"

Man was I in a skillet being slowly fried. It was either stay in the skillet or jump into the fire. What to do? Seeing no obvious alternative I picked up my drink and shuffled into my bedroom. I was too stunned by what had just happened to even pull up my jeans. I am sure the view of my backside going down the hall shuffling as I was gave Jose a thrill.

In the bedroom I took out my box of secrets and pulled out the small white wicker box purse. It was another Goodwill find in which I kept the small amount of makeup I had accumulated. I thought about going into the bathroom and retrieving the clothing I had stashed under the sink but Jose was in there.

Instead I pulled a pair of bright violet colored nylon hip hugger styled panties with little white daisy's printed on them, my only other bra which was a white cross your heart, a pair of ecru pantyhose and my white chiffon baby doll nightie. The nightie had a floral embroidered beaded empire styled top, a full nylon skirt that reached to just above the knee and an over skirt of sheer chiffon. I quickly dressed, stepped into a pair of black two spike heeled pumps and went over to the mirror on my bureau.

I was not good at applying makeup and it showed. I very seldom went the whole nine yards and applied cosmetics. Putting on and taking off makeup took too much time. The first time that I tried full makeup one of my friends came by unexpectedly. I scrambled for all I was worth to get that gunk off my face before he broke my door down. I knew that he would beat the hell out of my door until I opened it. That little episode kept me from putting on makeup until tonight.